

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



SHEWING THE COMMISSION.

MASTER TURNSTILE'S COMMISSION.

CHAPTER II.

MASTER THOMAS TURNSTILE was emphatically a man of the period. It is true that such men may be found in modern times, but the age in which he lived afforded larger scope and greater rewards for their exertions. Sincere in nothing but the pursuit of self-interest, and without the hindrance of either conscience or shame, it might be truly said that he

feared not God nor regarded man, but was fanatically devoted to the service of the uppermost for the time, and had profited and been preferred accordingly. The son of a Chester scrivener, as our ancestors termed an attorney, and brought up to the same unpraised profession, he began the world, in the latter half of Henry VIII's reign, by laying informations against priests who stood out for the Pope's authority, monks who lamented the giving up of their houses, and men of all ranks who scrupled to take the oath

of supremacy. In the days of Edward VI he discovered "papist plots" in different quarters, and brought recusant Catholics under the operation of the penal laws by which Protestants when in power disgraced their purer faith. It was said that he had been active in getting up a demonstration in honour of Queen Jane, as for ten days they called the unfortunate but most worthy lady so early sacrificed to paternal ambition and royal bigotry; but as soon as Queen Mary was believed to be firmly established on the throne, Master Turnstile repaired to London in the train of Bishop Bonner, became one of the earliest converts to the church of Rome, and from henceforth his devotion to her rites and ceremonies was equalled only by his zeal against heretics.

The results were seen by his old neighbours about an hour before sunset that day, when he rode up to the Blue Posts in the state and style of a travelling nobleman, mounted on a good horse, with saddle-cloth and saddle-bags on which his coat-of-arms was embroidered with silver thread, clad in a cloak of scarlet, gold-laced hat, and Spanish ruff; with pages before, men-at-arms behind, a train of pack-horses laden with his baggage, and two trumpeters some way in front announcing his approach by powerful flourishes. The good people of Bridge Street ran to their doors and windows to see the sight, and all work and business were suspended while they gazed on the visible evidences of Master Turnstile's promotion.

It was true that some quoted the proverb about setting a beggar on horseback; others slyly pointed to his magnificent cloak, and said, "Who would think it had been so often turned?" But such observations were uttered in whispers—those who made them bowed the lowest as the *cortège* passed, and were the loudest in the shouts that welcomed the successful man back to his native town. So surely does the elevation of base men help to debase others. One would have thought it was at least the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal whom prudent Giles Jackson received with all the honours of bowing servants on either side, ceremonious welcomes to his poor house, inquiries if Master Turnstile would please to sup in the tapestried chamber, and careful holding of his horse while the great man dismounted.

Such flattering attentions had their natural effect on Master Turnstile, a short, stout, vulgar-looking, red-faced man. They put him in the best of humours for the time being; he deigned to recognise Giles as one of his old neighbours; inquired after his health and prosperity, and was signifying his pleasure to sup in the tapestried chamber loud enough for the whole street to hear, when a man equally stout, but with the look of more gentle birth, and wearing the cap and gown which denoted a doctor of divinity, stepped between Giles and him and fairly cut out the former.

It was the bishop's chaplain, Dr. Feathernest, and the flatteries and fawnings of the sagacious innkeeper were fairly cast in the shade by his. Master Turnstile was his dear friend, the man he had always loved, whose greatness he had foreseen, in whose preferment he gloried; surely he would have the happiness of entertaining him with supper and wine at his own expense in the best chamber of the Blue Posts, for the honour of his company and the pleasure of his discourse, not to speak of the ancient friendship that had been between them. There was no wine wanted to intoxicate the newly arrived; by

this time adulation had done the business. He took Dr. Feathernest's arm with the air of a prince condescending to a loving subject, and commanding his saddle-bags to be carried in before him, by way of a hint at the wealth or valuable papers they contained, proceeded at once to the tapestried chamber, escorted by the entire household, with Giles at their head, and his own following bringing up the rear.

The marshalling was fairly done, the horses and baggage put up for the night, and the pages and men-at-arms sat down at the long table in the great kitchen, every man according to his degree above or below the salt, and there was a mighty clatter of wooden plates and horn spoons, broad blunt knives, and deep drinking-horns.

The great man and his friend sat in the room hung with cloth of arras, carpeted with a layer of rushes, and lighted by wax candles in silver sconces, their table being laid according to the minute directions given by Master Giles, with the best damask, the whole regalia of the Blue Posts in the shape of silver cups and flagons, and furnished with the choicest products of Dame Jackson's culinary skill, while safe beneath it, and at their owner's feet, lay the embroidered saddle-bags. The bishop's chaplain paused in the midst of a tale of scandal regarding a re-established monastery to mutter a Latin grace, and then resumed the thread of his story. The pasties, the roasts, and the confections were all discussed in due course, and fortunately gave satisfaction. The landlord and landlady waited on their distinguished guests. The like was frequently done by way of showing high respect, as well as for the reasons Giles had set forth in the buttery; and the good man at least was gratified when, at the close of the banquet, Master Turnstile declared his opinion that Rosanna was a dame of singular gravity and judgment to be so young and fair.

She had retired with the dishes by that time, and the special duty which Giles had imposed on himself, to look to the matters of drink, began. As he had predicted, it proved no light business. The bishop's chaplain called for cards at the end of another Latin grace, and the pair commenced playing; but Dr. Feathernest had a design to execute. It was not unusual for crafty and unscrupulous men to turn the intemperate habits so prevalent in the social meetings of our ancestors to their own account by over-treating those out of whom they wished to worm a secret, and the bishop's chaplain contrived to turn his friend's attention from the game to the good wines and good ales which the house afforded, so frequently that Giles was kept on a continual march between the tapestried chamber and the cellar, and Master Turnstile soon began to talk a great deal more than he played. Both the friends were men of uncommon capacity for imbibing wine, an ability which, strange and sad to say, was regarded as a subject of pride in ages much later than that of our story. But the process of intoxication had different effects upon each; it made Dr. Feathernest solemn and slow, but Master Turnstile boastful and garrulous; yet while the former had a tolerably distinct recollection of all that was said and done as long as he could occupy his chair, the latter utterly forgot everything, as though the wine he drank had been the water of Lethe.

This suited the chaplain's design, and numerous were the apologies he found for replenishing Master Turnstile's cup; he toasted the Queen, King Philip,

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and as many of his Spanish ministers as he could remember by name, the lords of the Queen's Council, the persecuting bishops, not forgetting his own employer, and every lady notable for what he called devotion at court or in the country.

Of necessity Dr. Feathernest had to drink these toasts himself, and being anything but a moderate man, he did not perceive that the wine was taking effect on him as well as on his friend. "They will soon be both under the table," said Giles, as he came down with a fagged, weary look to the little parlour where his wife sat at needlework by the wood fire in her retired and quiet way; "my good Rosanna, I have been on foot serving them these three hours and more,—and there is the chaplain's call again," he added, as the sound of the silver whistle, the predecessor of our modern bell, came sharply from the tapestried chamber; "I pray thee go up and take my place for a little."

"That I will, husband," said Rosanna, throwing down her work and hurrying to the room.

"A bottle of Valencia, good dame, the best in thy cellar," said Dr. Feathernest; "we mean to drink the Pope's health now, thou canst not refuse that, Master Turnstile, after what thou hast told me; but is it really true—may there not be some mistake in thy memory touching so weighty a commission?"

"No mistake at all, I tell thee the commission is here," said Turnstile, taking up one of his saddle-bags, in which effort he almost came to the goal prophesied for him under the table, "and, to put an end to thine unbelief, I will show it instantly."

He had taken a key from his pocket, and was trying to open the lock of his saddle-bag with a rather unsteady hand, when Rosanna returned with the bottle of Valencia. She paused at the door. It stood partially open, but so covered with the heavy arras that those within, particularly in their present state, could have no intimation of her approach, while through the division of the curtains she could see and hear all that passed in the room, and the sound of her husband's name made her instinctively listen and look.

"Giles Jackson is a loyal subject and a true Catholic, so is his wife, I'll warrant, but innkeepers retail news as well as wine, doctor. Some traveller, maybe a hidden heretic, might hear word of this from master or dame, get to Dublin as soon as myself—winds and tides are no respecters of persons, thou knowest—and warn the Protestants, which would partly defeat the Queen's design and mar my commission. There it is," said Turnstile, who had now got the bag opened, pulling out a packet, the silk and paper coverings of which he quickly unfolded, and showing a parchment on which Rosanna could see the impress of the great seal. "There is my commission to search out through all the Queen's dominions in Ireland, and bring to condign punishment, those obstinate heretics who have fled from England rather than receive the faith, as well as those of the same evil opinions who have been settled there since the time of King Henry; but, as I have said, no man must hear or know of it till I present it to the Lord Deputy in his council chamber in Dublin, that so the heretics may be taken unawares and at once."

"It is truly a great preferment for thee, and much rejoices my heart," said the chaplain, on perusing it, though he looked a great deal more envious than joyful.

"Aye, and will lead to greater," said Turnstile, giving the parchment, after it was returned to him, a triumphant flourish. "If I can manage this business to the Queen's mind, thou mayst see me Lord Deputy some day, or at least Chief Secretary."

"May be so," said the chaplain, with the solemnity which wine imparted to him, "but let me advise thee as a friend not to be too much puffed-up by the breath of fickle fortune; and put away thy commission, for methinks I hear the footstep of Dame Jackson."

Imagining that he might have caught a glimpse of her, Rosanna made a great effort to look unconscious as she entered the room, served her guests with the Valencia wine, and retired to a dark corner beyond the massive sideboard, while Master Turnstile responded to his friend's advice with a muttered oath at him and fortune, refolded his parchment in its wrappers, and thrust it into the saddle-bag, which he locked and returned to its place beneath the table. But Rosanna perceived that when doing so he allowed the key to slip from his uncertain fingers and fall among the rushes on the floor. She did not hear the half-quarrel which took place between him and Dr. Feathernest, or the insinuated puffing-up, the exaggerated professions of friendship and attachment with which it concluded; the absurd and profane toasts they drank, the still more profane snatches of song in which both gentlemen began to indulge, and the sounds of revelry which came up from the great kitchen, where Turnstile's followers were making as merry as their master. Rosanna's thoughts were with her poor relations in the old village overlooking Dublin Bay—with the poor exiles for her own faith who had found refuge in it and its neighbourhood. What oppression and suffering would be brought upon them by that commission which Turnstile carried in his saddle-bag! He was going, like Saul of Tarsus on his journey to Damascus, armed with authority to harass and slay those who had become strangers and pilgrims for the sake of truth, but was not, like him, a sincere though bigoted and mistaken man, who, in his own apostolic words, found mercy because he did it ignorantly, but an evil instrument of power, without conscience or remorse, and ready to do the persecutor's work to gain his selfish ends.

The destruction of how many harmless lives, the ruin of how many peaceful homes, were locked up by the key that lay there among the rushes! Rosanna rose from her place as a sudden thought crossed her mind. The room had become silent, but for a sound of heavy breathing—the wine had done its work at last on both the worthies. Dr. Feathernest lay like a snoring heap where he had slipped off his chair at one side of the table; Master Turnstile reposed in the very same fashion at the other. Nobody but Dame Jackson knew how long they remained in that position, or what was done within the tapestried chamber when there was neither eye nor ear to take account; but she came down with her usual unembarrassed look, and told her husband the state of the case, which, indeed, was nothing new at any inn of the period. He immediately summoned four pages, and as many men-at-arms, the soberest to be found among the following, to convey the gentlemen to bed, and with his customary caution insisted on Master Turnstile's saddle-bags being taken up also and placed by his bedside, at the same time restoring

with his own hands to the pocket of the great man a small key which his wife said she had seen him drop among the rushes.

The Blue Posts was soon after silent, and its inhabitants at rest for the night; but their rest was broken early in the morning by a mighty knocking at the outer door. The master of the good ship *Pearl of the Sea*, in which Turnstile meant to sail, had sent word from his haven in the Frith of Dee that the wind and tide were setting fair, and his passengers must get on board as quickly as they could. There was some difficulty in getting master and men roused from the effects of their over-night festivities, but they were all fairly got off at last. There was nearly as much trouble in getting Dr. Feathernest to pay his share of the reckoning when he got up at noon, but after a good deal of haggling nothing remained in dispute between him and Giles but the pack of new cards, not one of which could be found, and high words were imminent, when Rosanna suggested that it was unwise to incur the wrath of the bishop's chaplain for such a trifle, and her prudent husband immediately discovered that some of the pages must have stolen them.

A few days from that date the good ship *Pearl of the Sea* anchored in Dublin Bay, and Master Turnstile proceeded on his mission to Dublin Castle, with no less pomp than he had displayed in Chester. The Lord Deputy and his council were sitting in deep deliberation on provincial affairs. The Queen's envoy was received with the usual formalities, though the lords of the council, mostly of high Norman descent, looked scornfully on the upstart importance assumed by the man of plebeian name and family. Followed by his pages and men-at-arms, and carrying the precious packet which in his own belief had never been opened since it was placed in his hands in London—the scene at the Blue Posts having no place in his recollection—he marched up to the Lord Deputy's seat, and saying, "Will my Lord Deputy and the lords of the council please to read the commission I bear from our most gracious sovereign Queen Mary the First?" he presented it with a low bow, and retired to a seat assigned him by the usher.

"We are pleased at all times to receive the commands of our sovereign lady, and welcome any commissioner her grace may please to send," said the Lord Deputy, unfolding the packet, while his secretary rose and stood ready to read the important contents. But a shout of laughter burst from the gazing council, and another of, "What does this mean?" from the Lord Deputy, as, instead of a parchment impressed with the great seal, and written in good Latin, he laid open a neatly put-up pack of cards. Master Turnstile bounded from his seat, but could find no words in which to express himself, nor could they have been heard if he had found them, for peal after peal of laughter ran through the council chamber at the ridiculous mingling of amazement and chagrin in his face.

"My lords, my lords," he cried at last, "I have been robbed, I have been plundered of the Queen's commission, which I swear I got from the hands of Bishop Bonner himself."

"Truly, Master Commissioner," said the Lord Deputy, who now believed that a trick had been played on his self-conceit by some courtier, "we were not aware that my lord bishop was of such a facetious mind; though it may be his reverence

thought this"—and he held up the pack of cards—"the most fitting commission for thee to bear."

Again the roof rang with a chorus of laughter.

"Am I to get no justice on the robbers?" shouted Turnstile, losing his temper and almost his reason.

"That must be inquired after where the trick was played," said the Lord Deputy; "we have no more time to spend on a jest at present, but must needs proceed to business. Usher, clear the council chamber of strangers."

Master Turnstile's following, and most of the townspeople of Dublin, believed that the would-be commissioner had gone out of his mind for some time. He accused every man in his service, every man on board the ship that brought him, of stealing his commission; but at length settled upon Dr. Feathernest as having taken the key from his pocket and opened the saddle-bag when he was overcome by the strong wine of the Blue Posts. In the meantime, the only course that remained for him was to go back by the way he came, substantiate the charge if possible against the chaplain, and get a new commission from the Queen.

Turnstile was in haste enough to do so, but the wind and tide were against him, and nearly five weeks elapsed before he got back to Chester.

It was a gloomy day in November. The town, like all others in England, was agitated by rumours regarding the Queen's sickness, which some said was known to be mortal, but kept secret by her attendants and ministers lest in case of her death before her always absent husband King Philip could arrive, the Princess Elizabeth might be proclaimed by the people. Mary's short reign had been so marked by blood and fire, that good men even of the Catholic party were willing to see it come to an end, and few Englishmen desired to see their country a Spanish province; so there was feverish expectation and anxiety over the whole land, and especially in the principal towns. In Chester it was known that the bishop looked for a post to arrive at noon, but had been disappointed, and towards evening his chaplain dropped in to the public room of the Blue Posts, as many of the citizens did, to inquire if any news had reached the principal inn. They were discussing the scraps of intelligence with cautious words and sober faces, Giles Jackson looking the most sober of them all, and the most cautious too, when in rushed Master Turnstile, exclaiming, as he seized Dr. Feathernest by the collar of his gown, "Where is my commission? I demand it in the Queen's name!"

What the chaplain would have said or done to his beloved friend was cut short by a sound of ringing cheers, which seemed to rise from all parts of the city. In another moment all Bridge Street rushed out of doors, and a crowd came on shouting "Long live Elizabeth!—long live the Protestant Queen!"

"God be praised!" said prudent Giles, as he rushed into the little parlour where his wife sat at work; "honest people will get breathing now."

"Amen, husband," said Rosanna; her work had fallen to the ground, and her face was ghastly pale, but she sat with clasped hands and lips moving in wordless thanksgiving for the safety of the poor Protestants in her native land.

Giles knew what personal reason his wife had for rejoicing in the accession of the new Queen, but he had no time to congratulate her. His attention was caught by a shout outside of, "There is the turncoat!" The crowd had recognised Master Turnstile,

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and the man who was welcomed with such cheers on his former visit to Chester, proved how short was the triumph of the wicked by being chased from street to street, and escaping the hands of his pursuers and the ducking they promised him only by speed of foot for which few would have given him credit. Like most of the instruments of Mary's cruel reign, the rest of his days were passed in obscurity, or rather concealment, to avoid the popular contempt and hatred which everywhere followed him.

Years after, when things were settled in Church and State, when Rosanna's book and Rosanna's faith were no longer required to be hidden, when her husband began to go with her to the Protestant church and learn that he had concerns more important than his house and worldly well-being, it was thought that Giles Jackson knew the story of the lost parchment. The public of Chester were best acquainted with the ludicrous part of it which took place in Dublin Castle, for the facts of our tale are historical, though of course the names are not, and they were accustomed to say of any boasted or over-promising project, "It will end in a pack of cards, like Master Turnstile's Commission."

THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

THE great debate in the House of Commons on the Irish University Bill directed public attention to the subject of Universities in general. Allusion was also made by various speakers to the Universities of Scotland, institutions of a peculiar character, and, with various admitted defects, of great excellence. The Scottish Universities differ so materially from those of England, and from that which the ministry lately attempted to establish in Ireland, that we take the opportunity of giving our readers some account of their origin, constitution, and history. Under Mr. Gladstone's famous Bill there was to be only one Irish University, open to all classes of students, Protestant or Roman Catholic; but in Scotland, as is well-known, there are no less than four Universities that have for centuries been resorted to by students of every kind, without distinction of sect or party. Indeed, till 1860 there were actually two distinct Universities in the city of Aberdeen. In consequence of the great Scottish University Reform Act passed in 1858, these two northern universities were united, and many other important improvements, common to all the Universities, have been happily effected.

The most ancient Scottish University is that of St. Andrews, founded in 1411. For a long period, ending in 1747, it consisted of three colleges; but in that year the colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard's were united. These united colleges, with the college of St. Mary, now compose the University. The two colleges have each a principal and a staff of professors; but the college of St. Mary, with its four professorial classes, is entirely theological. The other establishment contains a full curriculum of arts, with chairs of Civil History, Medicine, and Chemistry. Last year the number of matriculated students was 156. The graduates, who are members of the General Council, are in number about 1,250. The two chief officers at St. Andrews, as at all the other Scottish Universities, are the Chancellor and Rector. The Chancellor is elected by the General Council, and the Rector by the matriculated students. The present

Chancellor of St. Andrews University is the Duke of Argyll, and the Rector is Lord Neaves, one of the judges of the chief Scottish law tribunal, the Court of Session.

The University of Glasgow was founded by a Bull of Pope Nicholas v in 1450. It has been from the beginning a well-equipped institution, and with few intervals has continued to flourish till the present day. It recently left buildings it had occupied for 400 years to take possession of a magnificent academic pile designed by the celebrated architect Sir Gilbert Scott. It has four Faculties—Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine. The Faculty of Arts embraces nine chairs, the Faculty of Medicine ten, while Divinity has four, and Law only two. The number of students in the session 1871-2 was 1,349, and the number of members of the General Council is 2,574. The Chancellor is the Duke of Montrose, and the "Lord Rector" is the Right Hon. Ben. Disraeli, M.P. Many men eminent as statesmen, philosophers, lawyers, or authors, have been elected to the Rectorial Chair of this University. Edmund Burke, Lord Brougham, the poet Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Robert Peel, the late Earl Derby, Sir James Graham, Lord Macaulay, Henry Cockburn, and many other men of renown, have held that dignity, which is too often gained after a contest of an exciting political character. Adam Smith, the illustrious author of "The Wealth of Nations," filled for some time the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, and was succeeded by a man almost equally eminent, Reid, the great founder of the School of Scottish Philosophy. It is also to be noted that James Watt, the renowned inventor of the modern steam-engine, began his career as mathematical instrument maker to the University of Glasgow. The list of great names connected with the Glasgow University also embraces those of Black, Cullen, Millar, Sandford, and others scarcely less distinguished in Science, Philosophy, and Literature.

The University of Aberdeen ranks next in point of antiquity, the "University and King's College" having been founded in 1494, and "Marischal College and University" in 1593. In its present united form the University has the usual four Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine. The Faculty of Law has only one chair, but the other three faculties are fully equipped, having twenty-one chairs among them. The number of matriculated students in the winter session of 1871-2 was 577, and in the subsequent summer session, 163; the number of members of the General Council is 2,049. The Chancellor is the Duke of Richmond, and the Rector Professor Huxley. This University has been adorned by many accomplished professors, and has turned out a great number of well-trained energetic students who have risen to eminence in the learned professions or in public life. It is also worthy of remark that of late years at least four Cambridge senior wranglers received their first training at the University of Aberdeen.

But the most celebrated although the youngest of the Scottish Universities is that of Edinburgh, which was founded by James vi in 1582, about thirty years after the establishment of the Reformed Religion in Scotland. Though from the first not nearly so well endowed as its sister Universities, it has gradually risen to its present high position as a school of learning. For Medicine and Mental Philosophy it is not surpassed by any similar institution in the world. The two Monros, Gregory, Alison,

Simpson, Syme, Christison, and many other distinguished physicians and surgeons, have upheld the glory of its medical school. In physical science it boasts of Robison, Hope, Playfair, Leslie, Jamieson, James and Edward Forbes, Tait, and others scarcely less eminent; while Gregory, Maclaurin, and Wallace have filled its Mathematical Chair. Among its professors of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics we find the great names of Stewart, Brown, Wilson, and Hamilton. The historian Robertson was Principal of the University, Dr. Blair Professor of Rhetoric, and Dr. Chalmers one of the Professors of Theology.

The four Faculties are fully furnished with professors in this University, that of Law having no less than six, which is double the number of the other Law professors in Scotland. In the Faculty of Arts there are fifteen professors, of Divinity four, and of Medicine twelve. The number of students last year was 1,832, and this year there is a considerable increase. There are 3,650 members of the General Council, most of them graduates in Arts or in Medicine. The Chancellor is the Right Hon. John Inglis, Lord Justice General of Scotland, and the Rector is Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. It ought to be stated that in all the Scottish Universities there is a Principal, or head of the *Senatus Academicus*, who is in many respects the chief official. The present Principal of the Edinburgh University is Sir Alex. Grant, Bart., who succeeded a few years ago the distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster; Dr. Caird is principal at Glasgow, Dr. Tulloch at St. Andrews, and Dr. Campbell at Aberdeen, all men of literary distinction.

In describing the chief characteristics of the Scottish Universities, the first thing to be noticed is the predominance of the professorial element. The teaching power indeed is entirely in the hands of the professors, who deliver lectures in their class-rooms, prescribe exercises to their students, and conduct stated examinations orally or by printed papers. Some of the professors have the services of recognised and paid assistants, who resemble in several respects the tutors at Oxford and Cambridge. But nothing like the tutorial system of the two great English Universities has ever existed in the Universities of Scotland. It has been thought by many that a proper combination of the professorial and the tutorial element would improve the teaching in both the English and Scottish Universities. If it be contended that the labours of the tutors at Oxford and Cambridge produce the deepest and most accurate classical and mathematical scholarship, it can also be said that the Scottish professors generally convey to their pupils an immense amount of valuable and often original knowledge, stimulate youthful enthusiasm, and powerfully prepare the mind for the practical duties of professional or public life. Judged of by its results, the professorial system of Scotland cannot be said to have been a failure. On the contrary, it has peculiarly suited the Scottish character, and trained thousands of vigorous young Scotchmen for a career of usefulness and honour.

The number of students at the four Scottish Universities last year was upwards of 4,000, which gives one for every 860 of the inhabitants of Scotland. It would appear that in England at the same time there was only one student to every 4,000 of the population, and in Ireland one to every 2,700. This proportion of students says much for the love of learning diffused among all classes, even the humblest, of the Scottish

people. It is not generally known, perhaps, that many Scottish students go direct from the modest parish school to the university, and that, at the cost of about £30, each of them can maintain himself for a single session. Even a good part of that sum is often obtained by private teaching, for the poor student, while with one hand he fights his way up the hill of knowledge, may be said to support himself with the other. In this way, however, a great number of Scotch lads of real talent and worth have been able to emerge from obscurity, and by means of a university education have gained high distinction in various walks of professional life. The expense of the preliminary education, and the considerable sum necessary to support a young man at Oxford or Cambridge, has in England confined the advantages of a university almost entirely to the sons of the higher and middle classes. It is easier for young men to get a university education in Ireland, especially since the institution of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway; but it is in Scotland, of all countries in Europe, except perhaps some parts of Germany, where the benefits of university training are most widely diffused, and appreciated among all classes of the people.

It is alleged with truth that in the Scottish Universities students are admitted at too early an age, and that consequently the classical attainments of most of them are very low. This may account for the fact that purely classical learning has not for a century or two flourished in the country of George Buchanan. As Professor Blackie, an earnest but somewhat eccentric university reformer, has often shown, there is in Scotland a great want of gymnasia, or good classical seminaries, intermediate between the parish schools and the universities, at which youths belonging to burghs or country parishes may receive a thorough preliminary training. There doubtless are in Scotland some very admirable burgh schools or academies, that have long held a high character. The present distinguished Lord Advocate of Scotland received all his preliminary education at the Academy of Dumfries, before he commenced his academic and forensic career in Edinburgh. But it is undeniable that the number of such secondary schools ought to be largely increased, so as to bring their advantages within the reach of all the aspiring Scottish youths. Owing to the state of things that has long existed, there has been either no entrance examination at the various Universities, or it has been little more than nominal. Thus the Greek and Latin classes have been flooded with boys or raw lads from the country, quite unfit to proceed to those higher branches of knowledge which should form the staple of university education. Of late we believe there has been a considerable improvement in this respect, and as the new Education Act comes into vigorous operation, supplemented, as we hope it will be, by another Act for the establishment of higher schools, the standard of admission to the Scottish Universities will be greatly raised.

Students in Scotland do not live together in colleges and halls as the students at the English Universities. While prosecuting their studies they live in the houses of their parents or relations, in boarding houses, or in private lodgings. But, except at Edinburgh, they wear in public a distinct academic dress, which is usually a red cloak or gown. Much has been said, and with reason, in praise of the English system, by which members of the same college are

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brought into close contact with one another in the whole course of their university life. Yet the Scottish students, though not cloistered, like their English brethren, constantly meet in the class-rooms, and often contend in generous rivalry for class or university distinctions. Many of them also become members of one or other of the numerous debating societies connected with the University or existing in the city. They have thus nearly all the opportunities of friendship and intellectual conflict which are enjoyed by the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

There is one other peculiarity of the Scottish Universities which deserves special mention. They have not four annual terms, like their English sisters, but only one session, which commences at the end of October or beginning of November, and terminates usually at the end of April. At Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen there is also a medical summer session of three months, ending with July. Thus the Scottish students in Arts, in Law, and in Theology, have only one term or session of five months in the year. This limitation of university study is not free from objection, but it may be said that five months of continuous study are almost equal in value to the four terms of the English Universities. But the present one-session system in Scotland has to a large extent grown out of the condition and circumstances of a large proportion of the Scottish students. Many of the young men who fight their way to the Universities have to support themselves by teaching during their whole academic career. As teachers in schools, or as tutors in private families, they amass funds in summer for their college expenses in winter. This system of self-support could hardly be practised if the academic year were broken up into three or four terms. Thus we see that the Scottish university arrangements, which may appear faulty enough in theory, are really in practice both necessary and beneficial. Scotland also, a Presbyterian country, knows little or nothing about the ecclesiastical year, and regulates the terms of her Universities and law courts in a comparatively plain fashion.

The numerous rich fellowships that exist for the encouragement of learning at Oxford and Cambridge are fitted to attract and reward the highest class of students. It has been doubted, however, whether these wealthy prizes have been uniformly bestowed in the best way, or have done all the good that might have been expected. But at all events they have in a large degree assisted and rewarded many deserving men who have risen to distinction in the Church or in the State. The Scottish Universities have hitherto possessed very few of such splendid endowments; but of late years several important fellowships have been founded at Edinburgh by private benefactors. At all the universities also there always has been a considerable number of "bursaries," or scholarships, which though singly of no great value, have yet materially assisted many deserving students. There are at Edinburgh alone about 140 fellowships and bursaries, of an aggregate annual value of more than £4,000. The corresponding foundations at Glasgow, including the famous Snell Exhibitions, ten in number, and worth £108 each, amount to £3,600 a year. The bursaries at St. Andrews and Aberdeen are very numerous, and greatly assist in keeping up the number of a certain class of students. It may here be mentioned that Snell Exhibitions at Glasgow have been held by many distinguished men, who by

such assistance have prosecuted their studies at Oxford. Among these we find the following: Adam Smith, Sir William Hamilton, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and the present Lord Justice General of Scotland.

At all the Scottish Universities there are extensive and valuable museums and libraries. The Edinburgh University Library contains 150,000 volumes and many rare manuscripts. The specimens, collections, and apparatus connected with many of the classes, are also very valuable. These means of scientific instruction are in some respects defective, owing to the meagreness of existing endowments and the smallness of the funds available for general university purposes. But at present a tide of private liberality is rapidly flowing in the direction of university endowments, and Edinburgh especially has received of late great accessions to her means of academic instruction. Now that Scotland is actually become a rich country, we may expect that her well-known intelligence and patriotism will in due time complete the necessary endowments of her venerable and excellent Universities. The Scottish University Reform Act has given a great stimulus to the institutions it was intended to strengthen and improve. New life has been breathed into them, and every year signs of improvement abound. By the late Parliamentary Reform Act, also, two members were given to the Scottish Universities, one to Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and another to Glasgow and Aberdeen. The first two universities are represented at present by Dr. Lyon Playfair, and the other two by Edward S. Gordon, *q.c.*, a distinguished member of the Scottish Bar, who was Lord Advocate for Scotland during the last Conservative ministry. Both of these members do credit to their learned constituencies. Dr. Playfair is a special authority in the House of Commons on all subjects connected with science, art, and education.

It will be seen from the sketch we have given that the Universities of Scotland differ materially in their constitution and character from those of England. Though not so ancient as their English sisters, they have rendered admirable service to the Scottish people, and been from first to last adorned with many illustrious names. They resemble in many important respects the Universities of Germany, and diffuse their blessings among all classes of the people, and not merely among those who are favoured by wealth and fortune. They have also been remarkably free from all offensive and ensnaring tests. Students of all religious denominations have always been freely permitted to study within their walls and gain their highest honours. For a considerable period the professors were required to sign the formularies of the Established Church; but gradually that restriction became obsolete, and at present no test whatever can be legally exacted from the occupants of any of the chairs, except, of course, the professors of Theology. This liberality, or laxity, as some have called it, has never been abused or led to any injurious consequence. The real interests of religion have been as carefully guarded in the Universities of Scotland as in any similar institution either in Europe or in America. The hackneyed term "godless" could never be justly applied to any of them, and we have no doubt that in time to come they will serve the cause of religion, while they continue to open up to thousands of ingenious youths the treasures of Literature and Science.



THE FINE ART MEDAL.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

VIENNA.

THE Exhibition of Arts and Industry which opened last month in Vienna will, no doubt, turn the attention of many of our readers to this ancient capital. Whether they may be able to visit it or not, assuredly this exhibition deserves much more notice than any of its predecessors since the first and great gathering of national industries under the dome of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. Indeed, the world was of late rather becoming tired of these exhibitions, which promised so much—politically, socially, and industrially—and apparently performed so little, but were constantly repeating themselves with wearisome monotony, till there was scarcely a mustard-pot or a blackening firm that could not boast of some kind of prize-medal from some kind of exhibition in some kind of place. But all is quite different in Vienna. Even the city itself, the great social and political revolutions it has undergone, its noble treasures of art, its unique provision for all that can charm or captivate the senses, its lovely environs, its peculiar population, not to speak of its historical associations, are in themselves sufficient attractions. Then, the exhibition is on a vast scale; the proportions of the building are immense, and the arrangements so far novel that the competition will be more fair, and the acknowledgment of merit fall to those also who had hitherto been overlooked. Five prize-medals are to be given, those for merit and for workmanship after the design of a German resident in London (Mr. R. Schwentzer). The first, for *Art*, represents Austria crowning the Arts; that for *Progress*, given exclusively to those who had competed at former exhibitions, symbolises the union of Art and Science to which Genius gives the crown; that for *Merit* is to be exclusively given to those who compete for the first time, and represents solid, earnest, manly Labour; that for *Good Taste* represents the three Graces distributing garlands; while on that for *Fellow-workers* Genius is represented pointing with one hand to the inventor, and with the other crowning the workman, who stands with his hammer to execute the work. Of course, the reverse of each medal bears the likeness of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

But these are technical details, which we gladly leave to those whose duty it is to describe the treasures exhibited in the Palace of Vienna. We rather follow the crowds which surge up and down the central nave and the avenues. Assuredly, such a motley crowd was never before gathered under the dome of any building! In the Exhibitions of London and Paris there were individuals from distant countries, whose peculiar and striking costumes lent not a little of its charm and novelty to the gay scene around. These, of course, will be found in Vienna also, only with this difference, that as Vienna is so much nearer the East, many more of its representatives may naturally be expected. But you not only meet individual representatives of nations and costumes you have never seen before; you are now, so to speak, right in the midst of these nationalities themselves. The Austrian Empire contains the strangest compound of tribes and races. Here, with his wide, loose, white trousers, close girded about the waist, and his tight-fitting, metal-buttoned bodice, is the Croat and Sclavonian, whose feuds after 1848 struck such terror into the heart of the rebellious capital. To quite a different nationality belongs the proud, superb Hungarian noble beside him. He is purely Asiatic in language and descent, and a finer specimen of *physique* could scarcely be presented. He wears a single-breasted coat, all crusted, as well as his tight-fitting trousers, with richest ornamentations, sometimes each button being a precious jewel. Similarly profuse is the adornment of his picturesque head-dress, surmounted by feathers, of the scabbard and hilt of his sword, and even of his high boots. What a contrast to the old-world-like dress of the peasantry of Upper Austria, the stiff ruffles and short petticoats of Styria, or the mountain costume of the Tyrol, with which we are made familiar! There is no resemblance between any of these and the dashing Pole who passes you with his richly-braided dress. No, nor the Czech, who has come up in the old costume which our fancy used to associate with the Hussites, and the beginning of the thirty years' war. What a very Babel of tongues you encounter! For they all speak, not only a dialect, but mostly a



DER GRABEN, VIENNA.

[From a Photograph.]

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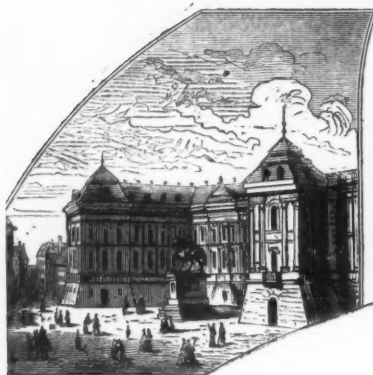
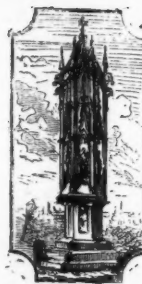
language of their own, and Russia on the one hand, Italy on the other, Moldo-Wallachia, Servia, and Turkey itself are quite sufficiently near to add their strange elements to the already almost bewildering scene. And as you have all tribes, so you have all kinds of religious belief represented—the Polish Jew with his long coat and girdle, and the curious straggling ringlet hanging down by the side of his cheeks; the Armenian, the Greek, the Greek-Unionist, the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed! Assuredly, far and wide as you may have travelled, you probably never before gazed on such a panorama as this!

It has often been matter of wonder that Vienna should have been so generally left out of the ordinary itinerary of the travelling Briton. We could more readily understand it before railway communication made Austria as easily accessible as Italy, if not Switzerland. In olden days, indeed, when the policy of Metternich and the Jesuits was in full swing, the empire was sometimes not a very pleasant nor even a safe place for the traveller. On the frontier your passport was most rigorously examined and all your luggage searched, lest it should contain any book on forbidden political or religious subjects. Of all books, the Book of books was the most heavily interdicted. Arrived in the capital, your passport was finally taken from you, presumably as a guarantee against your sudden escape. Before you had time to wash your hands in your hotel, a police-book was pushed under your nose, in which you had to give your name in full; to tell your age; to confide whether you were in single bliss, or wedlock, or widowed state; to acknowledge whence you came, whither you tended, and what was your occupation in life; a large column being considerably left blank for what was headed as "General Remarks." Then you knew that both in the hotel and out of it you were surrounded by paid police spies, who if they could would worm it out whether you held any forbidden opinions or had any contraband goods. But these were the old times; and the social and political changes introduced into the empire are almost as striking as the outward transformation which the capital has undergone since 1858. As Metternich predicted, after him "came the deluge," then various risings and reactions, till now, after the great Prussian war, Vienna and the whole empire may be said to possess constitutional government and as real enjoyment of civil if not religious liberty as our own country.

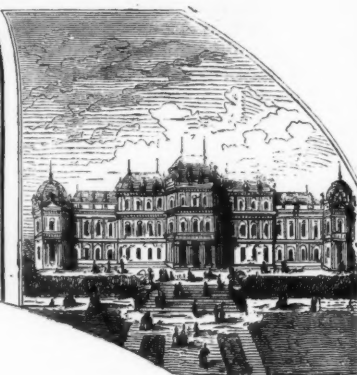
Let us try to transport the reader back to old Vienna, as it was before 1858. We take our place on one of the three commanding positions from which a full view of the city may be gained. We stand on the height of the garden of the Belvedere Palace, and just in front of that second palace which contains the celebrated picture-galleries. Here we have our nearest prospect of Vienna. But already we are out of the city proper, and in one of the thirty-three suburbs which girdle its glacis, fosses, and bastions. A fortress only in name, this mimicry of war added not a little to the picturesqueness of Vienna. For the bastions were laid out in beautiful walks, which occasionally opened into delicious little gardens, where the Viennese used to gather of an evening to hear music and drink coffee, or sip ices. And when you passed through the curious old gateways, and over the fosses, which formed another walk, you found yourself on the shady glacis, with their almost endless alleys and greenswards, that used to be

the delight of our child-days. From the height in the Belvedere garden "the Emperor's City," as the Viennese delight to call their capital, looks a dense conglomeration of houses, for the streets are very narrow, and there are comparatively few open squares. The central position is occupied by the cathedral of St. Stephen, with its most graceful fretted steeple, rising to a height of 436 feet, whence a good view is obtained of the fields of Lobau and Wagram, where Austria gave battle to the first Napoleon. The cathedral, which was first consecrated in 1147, is of various dates; though only covering about half the area of that of Cologne, it is in many respects a more splendid work of architecture. Beyond the city winds like a silver band the canal or arm of the Danube. On the other side of it stretches the Leopold's Town, the most fashionable suburb of Vienna, terminating in the grand Prater, which is not only an immense park, but partly a primeval forest, stocked with deer. The Prater has two grand divisions, that for the fashionable world, where sometimes the unbroken line of carriages extends for miles, and the so-called Wurstel-Prater, which is destined for popular amusement. Here there are gatherings of peep-shows, merry-go-rounds, tumblers, and all sorts of amusements in which the Viennese delight, together with an abundance of coffee-houses and beershops. For Vienna is the most pleasure-loving city in the world, and, alas! that we should have to write it, the most dissipated. All that can gratify the senses is there found in greatest perfection. Speak of Paris or of French cookery! Why, the epicure must go to Vienna to learn what is the perfection of the culinary art. Nor is it only this lowest gratification which we may expect. There is not a place in the world where music is so universally and so successfully cultivated as in Vienna. Of its noble collections of art, of antiquities, and of curiosities, we cannot attempt to speak within these limits. But even the claims of science are met, at least in certain departments. Every one who can offer evidence of his want of means, may receive gratuitous education up to the very end of his college course. Of the 2,500 students in its university, founded in 1365, only about 600 pay any fees, and that at least the medical education is first-rate, the European fame of its school, and even the bare fact that its hospital makes up no fewer than 3,000 beds, attest. Scarcely less celebrated are its *Josephinum*, or school for military surgeons, and its veterinary institution, which numbers no fewer than 519 teachers and about 1,000 students!

These are only a few of the most noted educational institutions of Vienna—for to enter into details would manifestly be impossible. In short, all is offered to the people, except, alas! the one thing needful. The Austrians are a most kindly, gentle race, but one in whom their rulers have assiduously cultivated the love of pleasure to the exclusion of all that is spiritual. Though the Protestant population—12,000, in about half a million—has been allowed the free exercise of its faith, not only restrictions, but much more damaging measures were applied to it. To be forbidden the use of a bell, or to be obliged to construct their church so as to bear the outward appearance of an ordinary dwelling-house, was only a vexatious abuse and insolence of power. But it was much more serious that no Protestant pastor could hold a cure, or even preach, in Austria, unless he had studied in the theological seminary of Vienna, and that its

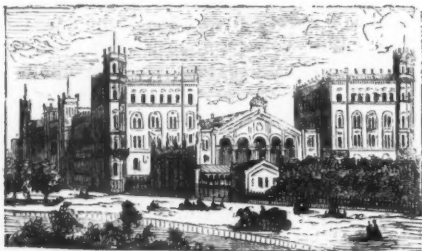


IMPERIAL PALACE.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.
CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES.

THE BELVEDERE PALACE.

professors were appointed by the government, which, there is strong reason for suspecting, would never appoint an earnest, zealous, evangelical man, but choose Rationalists in preference, well judging that such a religion could never make way against the zeal of Rome. It fared even worse with the poor Jews. Only a certain number of their families were "tolerated" in Vienna, so that the younger branches had always to emigrate, or else to pass nominally as clerks or book-keepers to those who were "tolerated." Of course no public profession or career was open to them, and the yoke of bondage weighed heavily upon poor Israel.

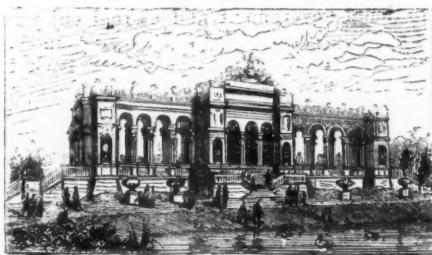


RAILWAY STATION.

Happily, all this was quite otherwise in Hungary. Strong in its ancient charters, it was, so to speak, the land of liberty, and though it was the policy of Austria at that time to keep it down and to cripple its industries, it was not possible to suppress such a nation, nor to deprive it of the advantages which its unrivalled fertility of soil and natural resources conferred. But this leads us again out of Vienna, and we now take our second survey of the city from a

monument on a height, outside not only its bastions and gates, but beyond its outer "lines." There is a melancholy association connected with the spot, for this was the place of common execution. Nevertheless, from here we command a magnificent prospect. Beyond the city, all round, we see the outrunners of the Styrian Alps stretching in all directions, and reminding us of the beauties of the so-called *Salz-Kammergut* and of Styria, which are all close at hand, and which the traveller to Vienna must not omit, if possible, to visit.

There is yet a third station from which we may gain a view not only of the city but of its environs.



GARDEN COLONNADE IN SCHÖNBRUNN.

It is the colonnade on the height in the palace garden of Schönbrunn, in close proximity to the city itself. Sad memories connect themselves with the dreary-looking old palace. It was here that the son of the first Napoleon died, and an air of funereal pomp seems still to hang about the buildings and the gardens. But all the brighter are the villa-dotted villages which for many, many miles stretch all around. In lovely valleys, within shelter of moun-

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VIENNA FROM THE UPPER TERRACE OF THE BELVEDERE GARDEN.

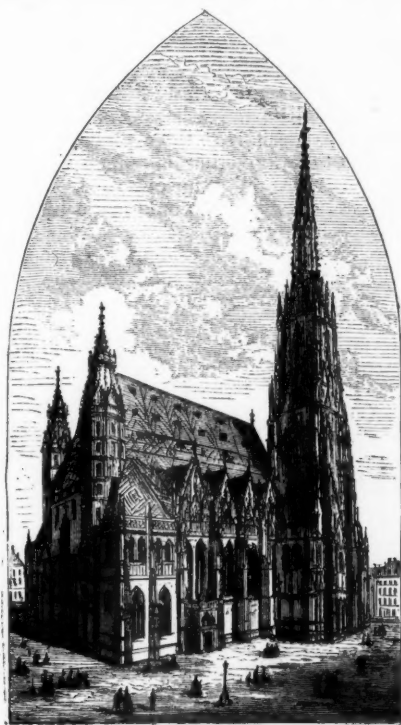
tains, nestling at the foot of forests, crowned by ruined castles, there is an almost endless variety of summer retreats, and it scarcely needs the attraction of the strong sulphurous springs of and around Baden to bring the health-seeker to them.

We have spoken of old Vienna as it was before 1858, and hinted at the vast political, social, and even outward changes which the capital has undergone. The old bastions, fosses, and glacis exist no

longer, any more than the old police system and tyranny. They have all vanished as by the wand of an enchanter. Instead of the old walls, a broad boulevard, called the Ring, now circles the city, and connects it with the suburbs; and as the free air of heaven circulates through its streets and squares, so does a healthy public opinion through its society. God grant that to all this there may speedily be added that which alone can exalt a nation!



MEMORIAL CHURCH.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

A STOWAWAY DOG.

IN reading the account of the Newfoundland dog whose knowledge of time was so extraordinary ("Leisure Hour" for March), I was reminded of a circumstance which came under my own notice, convincing me that dogs are not only capable of knowing time, but also of understanding much more than they get credit for.

Many years ago, upon returning from a residence in Italy, we took a steamer from Leghorn to Liverpool to avoid the fatigue of the land journey. On coming into port at Marseilles we were detained several days, the ship's boats plying between the steamer and the shore, the harbour being, as usual, crowded with ships of every nation and description. On the second day after leaving port a most miserable, half-starved dog (terrier), one side of whose body was a mass of pitch, was observed to crawl up the companion-ladder, giving a terrified look around him.

Much surprised at the sight of the wretched animal, the captain exclaimed, "Whose dog can this be?" and the inquiry went round among the several passengers and crew. No one owned him, and the steward following him on deck explained that he had found the poor creature hidden away in an empty berth. Captain M., a kind and humane man, proposed to adopt him as one of the ship's company, and setting him up on his hind legs, made a pretence of giving him a dozen as punishment for his coming on board as a stowaway, greatly to the amusement of the children, and then named him Jack.

A sailor greased his coat and set him free from the pitch, making him look more respectable; and with good living and kind treatment Jack soon recovered his spirits and seemed, out of gratitude, to attach himself specially to the captain.

If spoken to in any other language than English he would remain quite unconcerned, but "Good dog," "Good old fellow," would make him wag his tail and look happy.

Before coming into the Mersey we took in our pilot; then a sudden change came over Jack, who had been a most quiet, peaceable traveller; he grew quite excited, running up and down, on to the bridge, and jumping up to get a look over the side; so great was his evident excitement the nearer we came to Liverpool that he attracted the attention of every one on board. On reaching our destination, and while as yet the steamer had scarcely stopped, the ropes for mooring being only thrown on shore, Jack was observed to mount a case of oranges placed at the side of the steamer and with one bound leap on shore in a moment.

"Follow that dog," cried the captain to a man standing on the wharf, "and see where he goes." Off set the man, and after some time returned quite out of breath, saying he had been obliged to give over the chase, Jack having set off at a quick run up one street and down another, evidently taking the nearest road home. The curious fact was how the dog's instinct enabled him to choose out of the many ships lying around one whose destination was Liverpool. How he came on board none of the sailors could

tell; that he was doing wrong he evidently knew by hiding himself away until discovered by the steward.

L. J.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

It is not uncommon, I believe, in towns to see dogs who have been taught to carry pence to shops and receive eatables in return. The following instance I can vouch for:—I was very intimate and friendly with a very respectable old gentleman who lived in our neighbourhood, General W. K.—. He was a great favourite with both the human and canine species. He had been in fourteen or more engagements with the enemy in the last war—a warrior in profession, yet kind, tender, and generous to all, even to dumb animals. Once, twice, or more I have met him near his own residence, and as soon as he had made his appearance outside of it, a fine large Newfoundland dog, belonging to a neighbour, ran up to him, shaking his tail. "Well, sir," exclaimed the old general, "what do you want this morning?" The dog stood looking very sagacious, shaking and wagging his tail faster than ever. "Oh! I see what you want; you have had no breakfast this morning," so, putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a penny. "There, you know what to do with that, I think." The dog took the penny into his mouth, and ran off to the pastry-cook's close by, and presently came back with a plum-cake in his mouth. The old gentleman asked the favour to look at it. "Ah! I see, it's all right, you may venture to eat it," and he gave it to him again. The dog then eat it up in no time, and quickly ran off home, showing his love and gratitude by shaking his tail more vigorously than ever.

This interesting friendship between the old veteran and the dog lasted till the former was obliged to leave the place and reside at Southsea, where he finished his more than fourscore years.

G. S.

HEREDITARY HABITS.

The following fact may throw light on the question of hereditary habits. I had a black kitten brought into my house from a deserted shed where it had been born. It was half wild, like its mother, and for some days would not tolerate any overtures of friendship; but it grew to be a fine, frisky, companionable creature, and at last with much trouble I taught it, for my little daughter's amusement, to sit quietly upon my shoulder during meal-times, in hope of now and then securing a dainty morsel. It also learned to beg, and to "say grace" before meals, which it always did by rubbing its head first against the hand of the person who fed it; but it needed no instruction to distinguish the dinner-bell, the sound of which would bring it from the top of the garden first of the household to its place.

The first kitten of this cat was given away to a neighbouring family, and surprised them not long afterwards by jumping upon the shoulder of the only male member of the house as they sat at meals—a practice which it continued; yet it had never been taught, nor had it been allowed any opportunities of observing its mother in parlour company. I have since been told that black cats have a peculiar habit of jumping on the shoulder, but from my trouble in

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teaching our cat should doubt this. The act was more probably prompted in her kitten by hereditary habits. In reference to this subject, I have heard that whereas the former generations of cows manifested universal fear at the approach of a railway train, their descendants will often continue their ruminations undisturbed. The calf of a cow accustomed to feed by a railway is less timid than the calf of an animal bred elsewhere. Can any agricultural reader say whether there is any sufficient foundation for this statement? S.

A CAT TURNING BELLRINGER.

Archbishop Whately, in his interesting lecture "On Instinct," tells of a cat which lived many years in his mother's family, and whose feats of sagacity were witnessed by the narrator's mother, sisters, and himself. "It was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlour bell whenever it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion that it turned bellringer. The family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlour bell was rung violently. The sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down-stairs with pokers and tongs to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory movement of some burglar, but they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy, who frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlour." "It is quite clear," adds Dr. Whately, "that if such acts were done by man, they would be regarded as an exercise of reason; and I do not know why, when performed by brutes, evidently by a similar process, as far as can be judged, they should not bear the same name. To speak of a cat's having an *instinct* to pull a bell when desirous of going out at the door, or of an elephant's lifting up a cannon and beating down a wall at his driver's command, would be to use words at random."

THE WREN'S REQUIEM.

It was on a morning early in the spring, a few years ago, that we heard an unusual twittering outside our bedroom window, above which is a deep thatch; on looking up we saw two curious festoons hanging from it, apparently in motion. It was in fact two half circles, composed of little wrens clinging to each other by foot and wing to the number of twenty or thirty. They clung together thus for the space of about two minutes; it might be more or less, as we did not mark the time by a watch I could not with certainty say how long. They twittered mournfully all the while, so different to their usual joyous little song; then suddenly, as if by one consent, they in a moment broke loose and flew away. On descending shortly afterwards we found a dead wren lying just under the window, over which these festoons of wrens had been hanging a few minutes before. It looked as if these affectionate little creatures had been singing a dirge over their dead friend below; at least we could think of no physical cause for the unusual appearance. From that time the wrens deserted that locality for more than two years. On speaking of this to one who had made natural history his study, he told me it was called the "Wren's Requiem," and was an established fact, though very rarely seen. Possibly some reader may be able to throw light on the subject.

E. M. B.

My First Bird's Nest.



I HAD a home, a pleasant home, when I was very young,
And as I roamed the woods about with glee
Of heart I sung;
Born in the busy, gloomy town, I sighed for smiling fields,
And all those beauteous wonders the dawn of nature yields;
And now my dreams seemed realised
I revelled in the joy
That filled my overflowing heart—I
was a happy boy.

How sweet and pure the air seemed as I woke at early morn;
The liquid notes of untaught singers on the breeze were borne.
And balmy gales and azure skies seemed teeming with a throng
Of happy spirits like myself, all fragrance and all song:
The soothing sound of rustling trees, the hum of insect wings,
A sum of tranquil feeling, and made up of nameless things.

One day—ah! many a year has gone since that remembered hour—
I wandered in a maze of thought thro' garden, plot, and bower;
Until a seedling-tree I marked, scarcely so tall as I,
That sprung from out the heather's bloom, and I had passed it by.
But that from out the sweeping boughs where many a wild flower blew,
And mingled with its spreading leaves, a little songster flew.

I thought that I had heard a tale how, on a shaded bough,
Birds built their little mansions, and had I found one now?
With trembling hands I lifted up the foliage as it lay
Upon the springing herbage that strewed the moorland way.
And there, upon some sheltered twigs, the treasure lay confest,
Oh! joy of joys, how lovely! my first discovered nest.

We read of miners, deep immured, shut out from light of day,
Who labour, though without success, along the darksome way;
And when at length the shining ore they win with patient pain,
Remember not the striving for the prize they gaze on now;
I had not toiled, but oh! I gazed with measureless delight
Upon that wondrous structure that met my eager sight.

Wondrous I thought it, even then, although I little knew
That God's own hand had formed the thing that opened to my view—
Had taught those little tiny claws and bill and breast to form
And place a home so delicate, safe sheltered from the storm.
But still I thought, and think so now, that I had never seen
A structure half so beautiful, formed too of things so mean.

The lichen green, the fibrous root, that underfoot we tread,
The withered stems, the growing moss, the living and the dead.
And then that tender net-worked couch, so exquisitely laced,
On which four little spotted eggs of red and white were placed.
Since then I've seen a thousand nests, but none I thought so sweet

As that pretty little mansion that nestled at my feet.

O. S. ROUND.

Varieties.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.—In the "Leisure Hour" of June, 1869, we gave a portrait of Nasser-ed-din Kajar, the present Shah of Persia, from an original sketch by "the court painter," sent to us from Teheran. The visit of the Shah to the Courts of Europe will recall much attention to the country over which he rules with despotic sway. He bears the magniloquent title of Shah in Shah, or King of Kings, as in ancient times. His dominion extends over territory about 26,000 miles in surface, with a population of about ten millions, of whom above nine millions are Mohammedans. The vast majority, about 7,500,000, are of the Shiite confession, less than 2,000,000 belonging to the Sunnite confession, the other great section into which the creed of Islam is divided. Of the Christian population, the Armenians claim 200,000, the Nestorians 100,000, while Jews, Fire-worshippers, Idol-worshippers, and other worshippers or no worshippers, complete the census. Nasser-ed-din was born in 1829, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father Mohammed Shah. He is liberal in his views, and has shown capacity for administration, though his government is strangely inconsistent with European or constitutional ideas. The revenue is large, and obtained by assessment on land and by various arbitrary taxes. The provincial governors give large presents, and, through their subordinates, down to village mohassels, or tax-gatherers, squeeze revenue out of the poor resistless people. Mr. Eastwick, author of "Murray's Handbook to India," in a recent letter to the "Times," describes the royal jewels, which he has seen. The gem of the collection is the Darya-i-noor, sister jewel to the Koh-i-noor, valued at two millions sterling. These two diamonds are said to have been together in the hilt of Afrasiab's sword four thousand years ago. Timoor carried it away from Persia, where Rustam had brought it, and it was restored by Nadir Shah. The crown jewels are said to be worth at least six millions sterling. Mr. Eastwick, who is a pedant as to oriental orthography, says the Shah's name is Násiru'd dín Kájár, and his father's name Muhammad Shah.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE ARMY.—The fund formed by fining soldiers for drunkenness has mounted up to £45,852 since the introduction of the penalty in July, 1869, and a wise policy has been adopted which seeks to utilise the money in the way best calculated to encourage sobriety. This is to be effected by granting gratuities to well-conducted soldiers when they receive their discharge—ten shillings for each good-conduct badge, if the man retires at the close of the first period of service, and £1 per badge if the second term of years has been completed, with an additional sovereign if no charge of drunkenness has been recorded against him throughout the preceding ten years. This scale may be augmented should the fund increase, as we hope that it will not, in future years. These rewards for sobriety and good conduct, vouched for as they will be in certificates issued by the commanding officer, will be of great use to those who may wish to give some trustworthy old soldier employment. We shall see, too, in a few years time, whether Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen carry off the lion's share of the rewards. Could not a somewhat similar system be applied to manufactories, etc., where large bodies of men are employed? Trade unions, if they have the real interests of the working man at heart, could not increase their funds in a more justifiable manner than by taxing their drunken members.—*Land and Water.*

PORTUGUESE SLAVE-TRADE IN EASTERN AFRICA.—Mozambique is the principal of all the Portuguese settlements on that coast; and if, as such, it has fallen so far from its former state, we may judge how the others must now be lingering on between life and death. The fatal influence of the slave-trade appears to paralyse the whole commercial traffic of the country; the natives, being reduced to mutual distrust of each other, and continually living in fear and poverty, are unable to purchase the comforts of foreign manufactures. The selling of slaves is almost the only profit of the chiefs, unfitting them for every other enterprise, and deadening within them every feeling of honour and every hope of improvement. A universal stagnation seems to hang over the mind of man, as well as over the productions of the earth. Were it not for the industry of the Arab population in the neighbourhood a periodical famine would inevitably occur. At the present moment the whole of the Portuguese possessions along the Rios da Senna do not supply even enough grain for their own consumption. Yet the

country is a remarkably fine one, capable of producing luxuriantly all the fruits of the earth, and were it cleared and cultivated, would become habitable even for Europeans, through the improvement of its climate; yet there is much land now neglected and barren which was once highly cultivated. The slave-trade is, in fact, a worse pestilence to the country than even the fever itself; and Mozambique, Quillimane, Delagoa Bay, Sofala, and Inhamban, are all fallen to the lowest grade of civilisation. If you ask the simple tale of history, what has been the effect of Portuguese rule upon that coast, you will hear neither of savages reclaimed, soil improved, commerce extended, justice and mercy practised, nor Christianity taught. One single cloud seems to have blighted the germ of every improvement in its very bud; and the blight of slavery has poisoned every leaf on which it rested.—*Admiral Sir H. W. Hall (Captain of the "Nemesis" in 1840).*

FASHIONABLE BOARDING-SCHOOL.—These girls were cousins, and had been educated together at a large fashionable boarding-school, and were considered to have completed their education; which education consisted in a little superficial general knowledge, a few half-acquired accomplishments, and a boundless acquaintance with vanities, follies, and even vices of a kind little dreamed of, I feel sure, by those who placed them there. I have, perhaps, had more extensive opportunity than many others of witnessing the pernicious effects of such rearing—the evil habits never after relinquished—the secret wickedness instilled into the girlish minds by careless, unprincipled, subordinate teachers and depraved schoolfellows; yes, all I have since seen and known makes me no longer wonder at conduct and characters which then filled me with astonishment and horror! Well, these two girls were now on their way to join their parents in Upper India, there to turn to the best or worst account, as the case might be, that knowledge, evil and good, acquired in their own country, by making the one crowning compensation expected of them in return for all the trouble and expense thereby incurred, namely, an eligible marriage—eligible, that is, in point of wealth and position.—*Mrs. Forrest Grant.*

EXPORTS IN 1872.—During the year 1872, as compared with the year 1871, the exports to British possessions have risen from 51½ millions to a little over 60½ millions, showing an increase of 9½ millions, or about 18 per cent. Of this large increase Australia figures for four millions, North America for two millions, and South Africa for a million and a half; while India, although still heading the list with the large total of 18½ millions, shows an increase of barely half a million over last year. To foreign countries the total exports have risen from nearly 172 millions to nearly 195½, being an increase of about 23½ millions, or about 13 per cent. America still continues to be our best customer, although the large increase of 6½ millions is probably due more to the enhanced prices which have prevailed during the last year than to any other cause, a consideration which will apply to many of the other countries enumerated in the table. Germany and Holland each show a respectable increase, while the exports to France have declined about one million, but it is believed that this is to be partly, if not wholly, accounted for by the exceptionally large quantities of grain, provisions, munitions of war, etc., sent over in 1871, causing the total for that year to be augmented beyond the limits of ordinary trade, as will be seen from the fact that in 1870 the total export amounted to only 11½ millions, being seven millions below the total shown in 1871 and six millions below that of the present year. As regards other foreign States, the increase is distributed over nearly every country, the cases in which there is a decrease being few and unimportant. Turkey, however, figures especially for a large improvement, the combined total to her European and Asiatic possessions being £7,641,990, or 28 per cent. over that of 1871, while in the case of Egypt the increase has been only 2½ per cent. The increase in the exportations to Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Chili, all of which countries now occupy leading positions in the list, has been still more remarkable. To Brazil it has been nearly 20 per cent., to the Argentine Republic nearly 60 per cent., and to Chili 56 per cent. Taking the total exports to British possessions and foreign countries, the figures show the enormous increase of nearly 33 millions, or rather over 14½ per cent. Of the aggregate of £255,961,609, nearly 28 per cent. was to our own possessions. In the previous year the proportion was 23 per cent.

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